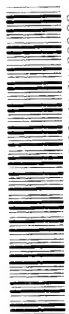


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INDIAN LEGENDS
OF
EARLY DAYS

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NETTIE FARRISH MARTIN



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





Indian Legends
of
Early Days.

Pretty poor poetry in this book

Oh, early days of solitude,
Where *Love* subject to Nature's mood,
Awoke to life, 'mid Eden bloom,
And blissful sought no other doom.
Where life by intuition grew,
Nor past, nor future, cared or knew,
Just beings floating on Life's stream,
A blissful, careless, drawn-out dream.
By the Author.

By
Nettie Parrish Martin.

PUBLISHED BY
MAYHEW PUBLISHING CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

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by

NETTIE PARRISH MARTIN.

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PREFACE.

In writing these poems of the Indians' legends, the writer had in mind the saving of their "Folk Lore," sayings which have proved to be very accurate, as any one can know who cares to watch and investigate their signs and sayings.

* * * * *

As the centuries pass, and merge into the ever present *now*, the past like the swirling streak of white in the wake of a vessel, grows dim and full of mystery as the years speed by. Still to the deep thinker, it is a chart, or log book, (when once it is solved,) full of instructions, to guide them away from the reefs and shoals, that other lives have found along the narrow straits of life's sea. The joys of the past are joys of the present, the sorrows, the voices of prophets, warning of danger.

* * * * *

SAVE THE FOLK LORE.

LET us garner them all, and keep them safe as among our choicest relics of a past and vanquished race, a race whose walk and talk with

nature, made them sages of wisdom, whose perception of right and truth, bore heroes more chivalrous, to duty and honor, than the proudest knight of the old world.

* * * * *

These "Indian Legends," were given to the writer by her grandmother, who lived near one of the Indian villages of the *Six Nations*, and spoke their language.

Jasper Parrish, (a grandsire) was a missionary and trader among the six tribes, and during his sojourn among them he so endeared himself to all, they named him *Sen-ne-oc-ta-wa*, meaning "Good Man," and ever after his descendants had only to say that name and every care and kindness was cheerfully given them that the Indians were able to bestow.

* * * * *

The Legends of the "Oneidas," "The Lost Arrow," "Skaneateles," and "Pocahontas," are given as the grandmother used to tell them, though for the sake of rhyme, and rhythm they have been lengthened or shortened as the case might seem to need.

* * * * *

The finding of the little white boy in an eagle's nest (a French child it was afterwards learned) by a chief, and its adoption into his own family,

and who in after years became chief himself, has been verified, by one called Indian John, a medicine man of the tribe of Onondagas. The lightning's crashing through the rocks and leaving a peculiar shaped red stone in front of the captives, who at the intervention of what seemed Providence, were set at liberty and thus saved from torture and death, counted the stone and storm, the agents of God's will to secure their release. This stone, it has been said, is still preserved as a sacred memento of their once powerful nation, the remnant of which, migrated many years ago to the then far West (Wisconsin) where they still live, having accepted the true Christian faith.

* * * * *

THE STONE.

THE writer has learned from the resident missionary, that they have a stone which they venerate as the real stone given them by the "Great Spirit" as a token of special regard. Whether it is the one Sen-ne-oc-ta-wa (Jasper Parrish,) spoke of, the writer does not know, but certain it is there are many sayings, and legends, of the early inhabitants of America, which outrival in purity of morals, in love and passion, those of the "Old Countries."

* * * * *

With the best wish for the happiness for all who

read my humble effort, I cast my book upon the literary sea, trusting it will bring a balm to some heart who is sighing for better and more of this world's goods, and bring to their minds a tender thought for those who lost *their homes and lives*, that we might enjoy, a home and far better comforts in the best land of freedom the sun ever shone upon, bought by the sacrifice of other lives.

NETTIE PARRISH MARTIN.

PO-CA-HON-TAS OR MA-TO-A-KA.

THE INDIAN PRINCESS.

Come gentle spirits of the dim old past,
Let's hold communion sweet and fast.
Tell me of days of the long ago,
When life did wake to ebb and flow,
In fierce wild struggles love and hate,
That turned in hours a nation's fate.

Through thoughts, my song inspired by thee,
I tread a world of forestry
Where men as yet uncultured roam,
And call this wilderness a home.
Proud is ~~his~~ bearing, true his word,
For Nature taught him all he heard.

Moved by the elemental force around,
He learns to know each weird sound,
And through this knowing stoic grows.
Fashioned by these he timely knows,
A being trending to the perfect end,
Where God for him life's veil shall rend.

INDIAN LEGENDS

And teach him why these things did be,
Why this wild life unfettered free
Did wake again in symmetry.
A jewel wrought in mystery,
Set in a crown of brilliant light,
Where error fled when life was right.

Now every plane of life in man,
Had its own joys as God did plan,
Its sorrows too, which were akin
To those we find in cultured learning;
Where men awake at knowledge shrine,
To grasp the light of spirit mind.

Huddled together in clans or flocks,
Beneath the trees, beneath the rocks,
Man drew his substance from the sun,
Brought forth from earth when all was done,
Fashioned by an Omnipotent hand,
Centuries ago all God had planned.

Among such scenes, by life force fanned,
God placed some *one* born to command,
Whose life should light far as it went,
The minds and work for which 'twas sent,
That man, poor child of circumstance,
Through Wisdom's light should have a chance.

OF EARLY DAYS.

A progress chance from night to day,
Through every plane of life to stray,
His dimly conscious soul to make,
A thirst for intellect, to wake,
To teach all things, future and past,
When he should wake a man at last.

Now every plane had mystery,
And every epoch Legendary,
A life of passion, love and hate,
That turned the trend of mortal's fate
Into strange channels they ne'er sought,
Some times for good, some mischief wrought.

Amid such scenes near Nature's heart,
Where brute and man each shared a part,
Lived Pow-ha-tan, a wiley king,
Crafty and cunning as anything,
Eloquent and bold as instinct taught,
He swayed all councils as he thought.

A mighty chief among his kind,
A warrior brave with massive mind,
His word was law, none dare deny,
Unless they wished themselves to die.
For traitorhood was crucial test,
For punishment to hold the rest.

INDIAN LEGENDS

His wealth was fabulous and grand,
For tithes were brought on every hand,
Rare gems uncut, and nuggets of gold
Were hidden away in a cavern old,
With treasures picked up on the sea-shore,
Where ships went down to sail no more.

He had lands for miles on every side,
Where beast and bird could come and hide;
To his teepee home his heart was tied,
His wife, his sons, his daughters, his pride,
The one he loved best to romp and play
Was the youngest, Ma-to-a-ka.

Po-ca-hon-tas or Ma-to-a-ka,
Saw a ship wrecked on the rocks one day,
And she called them all to the sea-shore there
To see the dead with their faces fair.
A plague-stricken crew stark in death,
Thrown on the rocks by the wind's wild breath,

That drove the ship without living crew,
To that strange, wild land they never knew.
They gaze on the faces so strangely pale,
But the stony glare tell them no tale
Of who or how they came to be there,
Tossed on the rocks by the wild, fierce air.

OF EARLY DAYS.

They gathered the spoils on the sea-shore,
And they talked of the dead still more,
Who could they be? from whence did they come?
Pow-ha-tan said they are braves from the sun;
For rumors had told of a strange, pale race,
Beyond where sun did wash its face.

When it rose to light old ocean's disc,
With all the light that rushed so brisk,
High o'er the fleecy cloud-capped sky
When shadows fled and night did die.
They sure are Gods of battles old,
From out the land of richest gold.

We'll make their grave mound high and wide,
Here on the rocks by ocean's side,
Where eagles scream, and sea-dogs wail,
Shall be their death-song, with the gale.
The sun shall kiss it with its light
The moon and stars watch it by night.

Now all of life's mystery is told,
Of that bright land of sunlight old.
'Tis the Great Spirit's happy home,
Where all the hunters love to roam;
For game is plenty and want is done,
The home of stars, of moon and sun.

INDIAN LEGENDS

We'll feast our father, the orb of day,
For he has cleared the mystery away,
And showed us where on our mother's breast
He lays his head when he goes to rest.
Where with a torch he lights the moon,
The stars that twinkle out so soon.

Po-ca-hon-tas was a thoughtful child,
Loving, true, winsome and mild;
Free as the birds in forest dell,
She had strange thoughts, she could not tell.
And like her father she swayed for good
All savage moods of animalhood.

She heard all that Pow-ha-tan said,
And in his face his thoughts she read,
Knew when she could approach the king
To ask him for some childish thing;
Or when 'twas best to steal away
From anger that his heart did sway.

She loved her home, she loved the trees,
The stars and moon she nightly sees,
But the great Sun, her father taught,
Was He who all this beauty wrought,
Like to His home beyond the wave,
Where gathered all the warriors brave.

OF EARLY DAYS.

Thus from now her thoughts went straying,
O'er the sea with sunbeams playing,
And she peopled in her mind,
Pale-face maids divinely kind.
Pale-face braves of honor true,
Brave and kingly, this she knew.

And the sea more charming grew,
The break of day, the sunlight too,
The moon-lit bridge o'er ocean vast,
The crested waves that rolled so fast,
These brought to her strange thoughts and wild,
A yearning wish beyond a child.

Thus years did pass and dusky maid,
More thoughtful grew, more womanly staid.
She sat at councils with the chief,
Argued with Sachems on her belief;
Asked all the whys of racely lore,
Hungered and thirsted still for more.

But when her soul more fuel lacked,
There came into her life a fact,
As if some spirit heard her plea,
And sent her wish from o'er the sea.
A vessel came, a white-winged bird
With pale-face braves, her prayer is heard.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Belated hope! Long-wished-for light,
Borne on the wings of ocean's might,
Shall yield its fruit thro' coming years,
Though sown in joys, tho' sown in tears,
And all of life's ingratitude
Shall measure find in some life crude.

* Hons-ta-ma-tha, one of the crew,
Had heard wild tales of gold that grew
In forest fastness by the sea,
In a world full of mystery;
Vast fortunes opportunity did hold
For him who loved adventure bold.

And so he planned with active zest,
How he this gold from earth could wrest.
Worked and planned how to embark,
But all his plans end in the dark,
Until a confidential mate
Gives him the funds and shares his fate.

He knew that danger, a mighty band,
Lurked in the path on every hand.
Treachery and cunning deceit,
In crafty redman, he must meet;
Reptiles and animals ever alert,
Watched o'er the realm to kill and hurt.

* Indian name for John Smith.

OF EARLY DAYS.

Still he had much of danger known,
He sowed the wind and reaped his own,
And dared the dangers of the main
In hopes to win the shining gain;
He with his friends, a trusted few,
Who like himself sought riches too.

Should opposition dare oppose
To bring around him many foes,
He takes with him a host of things,
Cloth of bright weave, trinkets and rings
To please their fancy, pave the way
For future plots and crafty play.

Thus man does hold himself ahead
Of all the beasts he ever read;
But tell me do the stronger sons
Show pity to the weaker ones?
Or do they secret watch and plan,
Devour the whole, or all they can?

It may be progress urges the fight
And holds men's conscience in a blight,
'Till error gains an upward light,
Of future years in life most bright,
Which when it grasps it, will kiss the rod,
That chastened it, through ways it trod.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Hons-ta-ma-tha sought Pow-ha-tan,
Sought the great and mighty chieftain,
Told him all that paleface done,
In his home of Morning Sun;
Brought out his wares for chief to see,
What paleface made beyond the sea.

Fancy belts of colored beads,
Shoes, and pipes of rare old reeds,
Blankets for squaw, blankets for brave,
Some he sold and some he gave.
Rich presents too for warrior king,
Guns and powder he did bring.

Saw the little dusky maiden
Watch her father at his trading,
Saw the chief loved her the best,
Made her a present of a dress;
A dress of silk, all made to wear,
Some scarlet plumes to deck the hair.

Gave her rings for hands and ears,
Gave her till she lost her fears.
Kindly thought she of the paleface,
Saw the difference twixt her race,
Troubled thoughts were these for child,
Yet they would come all the while.

OF EARLY DAYS.

Hons-ta-ma-tha made a bargain
For his trinkets with the chieftain,
Sent his vessel home well laden
From the coffers of the redman;
Then he tarried with Pow-ha-tan,
In the land of Pow-ta-mat-can.

Here he staid to learn of redmen,
Where the gold in earth was hidden,
Where the gems were fashioned bright
When the time for furs was right.
Thus innocence he worked for pelf,
He worked it well for friends and self.

Oh, dawning intellect of day,
How many wrongs did cunning play,
Through lack of knowledge, with deceit,
To rouse thy mind to vengeance sweet,
A scholar rude you caught the art,
And woke to know and take thy part.

Then when thy savage nature 'rose
Against the wiles of pale-face foes,
The strongest one devoured the least
In one great long and drawn-out feast;
Took many lives, took every home,
And left the residue to roam.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Pow-ha-tan had a cunning mind,
To read men's thoughts he was inclined;
He saw the avarice and the greed,
And worried least the paleface feed
His braves with food of discontent,
One wrong their coming never meant.

He saw the growing reverence,
He saw the friendly confidence
Between the paleface and his child;
These thoughts of course were tamely mild,
Until fierce jealousy with fear
Repeats these words into his ear.

Oll-a-pach-chee, a lesser king,
Told Pow-ha-tan everything,
Whispered to him his belief
That paleface meant to be a chief;
Thus in the midst of pleasantry
There sprang fierce passions rivalry.

Oll-a-pach-chee talked with maiden,
Told her all in forest garden,
On the banks of flowing river,
Where she stopped to fix her quiver,
Tried to make her hate the paleface,
Sought his triumph for her race.

OF EARLY DAYS.

Po-ca-hon-tas tried in vain,
To make his words and meaning plain,
Tried to find the cause for hate
Which she knew was redman's trait
If he felt some wrong was meant,
Then he his mind on mischief bent.

While she thought she angry grew,
For 'twas false, she felt she knew;
Only a child of just sixteen,
There she stood a royal queen,
While her dark eyes piercing grew,
As these words from her lips flew.

Oll-a-pach-chee, coward brave,
What has paleface done or gave
That you like serpent in the way
Glide unawares to strike your prey?
Dog of the Pow-ta-mat-can race,
I bid you seek no more my face.

Then she turned like wounded deer,
Along the trail oppressed with fear,
Full of thoughts that there was danger
For her friend, the pale-face stranger,
Fleeing like a frightened bird
When it the whirr of arrow heard.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Ah! Love that must rise base deceit
To win its prize so tempting sweet,
Shall wake to find the dream was fleet
Of blissful happiness complete,
And hate the name of love, and greet
What else of life gives joys replete.

But why should love, sweet heavenly gift,
Be lost in passions maelstrom swift?
Why, why must mortals taste the woes,
That passion brings where'er it goes?
Tell me what fiend awoke deceit,
To change this virtue so complete?

Yet there's a love that's pure as gold,
That down the centuries long has rolled,
A love whose purpose is to mold,
All baser love into its fold,
A love that brighter, purer grows,
Through all of life's sad, bitter throes,

A love that's given to the few,
That bides its time, some good to do;
All God had purposed they command,
Some step in progress by their hand,
Thus Po-ca-hon-tas' life was made,
To fit the grooves that wisdom laid.

OF EARLY DAYS.

But the storm of jealousy grew,
Grew while its victim little knew
Of all the plans Pow-ha-tan laid
To take him captive while he staid,
How Oll-a-pach-chee urged the chief
To take his life for his belief.

So pressed was king on every side,
He called a council far and wide,
Then took the paleface for a spy,
And calmly told him, he must die.
Picked out two braves with hideous face,
To take his life at 'pointed place.

In view of all the council there,
In midst of grand old forest fair,
He hears the songbird trilling near,
Its answering mate calling so clear,
Smells the wild bloom pressed by his feet,
Ah! Thus to die, when life's so sweet.

Po-ca-hon-tas saw him led past,
And her heart beat wild and fast,
Watched them cruel place his head,
Lift their clubs. See! She has fled,
On his form has thrown her own,
Round his neck with tearful moan
She has clasped both of her arms,
Shielding him from all their harms.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Back! Back! Ye wolves, ye dogs of prey!
Back vultures! Watching night and day
For remnants of the Panther's play,
Let fall your arms, nor seek to slay,
Yon captive, friendless and alone,
Ugh! Where has redman's honor flown?

Why come ye here in war paint gay,
To council, then with death to play?
Ugh! Oll-a-pach-chee's secret word
Has woke these thoughts and evil stirred.
Brave chieftain, spare the captive's life,
Oh, stop this wrong and end the strife.

Let the Great Spirit work His will,
Your hearts with love and pity fill.
The chieftain hears the maiden's plea,
His heart is softened! He can see,
His warriors too have kinder thought,
The maid has gained the wish she sought.

Not only shall the paleface stay,
But he may teach thee every day
Until the ship reaches this shore,
That takes him back to home once more.
Thus Pow-ha-tan spake, and spared,
His life. These thoughts his warriors shared.

OF EARLY DAYS.

He saw his warriors loved his child,
This sweet young bloom of woodland wild,
They loved her form, her rich black hair,
Her flashing eye, her queenly air,
For every heart she had some word
That through its depths was kindness stirred.

The days now flew on sunny wings,
He taught her, Oh, so many things.
Things how they did in his homeland,
Told her how maidens dressed and planned.
Told her about the king and queen,
And taught her love at times between.

Ah! Childish heart you little knew
All God had purposed you should do,
Through this sweet gift of love was sent,
A rise in progress, a betterment
For all the future redman's race,
Through mingling blood with the paleface.

'Twas well God veiled the coming years,
'Twas well you saw not all the tears,
The disappointments you must bear,
The stoic face that you must wear
Though heart was breaking with despair
From taunts and sneers and troubled care.

INDIAN LEGENDS

But sunny days will pass at last,
The sky with clouds be overcast,
So these bright days for both did end,
The parting came 'twixt friend and friend.
The "Ocean Bird" was moored once more,
Close by the cliffs, close to the shore.

One hailed the sight with eager cheer,
One saw it there with trembling fear,
Hons-ta-ma-tha, saw the waking,
Saw the heart in silence breaking,
Tried to calm the troubled heartache,
He knew she suffered for his sake.

Counted the moons for his return,
Told her how he would think and yearn
To see the happy, happy day,
When he would come to always stay;
Her own true brave, he'd yield his life
E'er he would fail to call her wife.

And thus they part. Moons full and wane,
And seasons come and come again,
And years do lie like leaden weight,
O'er Po-ca-hon-tas' lonely fate;
A lonely watcher by the shore,
Watching for one who came no more.

OF EARLY DAYS.

Through added years with glad surprise,
She sees the paleface cities rise
On every side, in every place,
Some handiwork of theirs could trace;
And through it all her loving heart
Stands oft 'twixt hate to take their part.

For this to save her life she fled,
To the paleface's home her footsteps led,
Seeking their shelter and their care
From all the wrongs her own race dare.
Thus she was led by unseen hand,
Into new fields for her command.

And he who spurned the sweet, wild gift
To help progression and to lift
From semi-darkness a crude race,
Shall somewhere, somehow have to face
The gem he lost, bright as the sun,
When God through her His work has done.

Let him who scorns a humble birth
Read how progression leads the Earth,
And though they obstacles do throw,
To hold it back, the stream will flow
To other lives patient and sweet,
Whose work through them his law will meet.

INDIAN LEGENDS

All the white race loved the maiden
With her heart so heavy laden,
Knew for them she'd braved the strife,
Knew for them she'd risked her life,
And their homes was open wide,
Where she was welcome to abide.

For life seemed perilled on every side,
Her heart deceived, her patience tried,
Her grief so hard so sore to bear,
She cannot tell it anywhere,
Only in the Great Spirit's ear
Can she whisper her grief and fear.

But grief in time will wear away
'Mid other scenes and gayety,
This Po-ca-hon-tas found was true,
Among her paleface friends, who drew
Her mind and heart from troubled pain
To brighter fields of life again.

* Wa-ta-gei-nec, a soldier brave,
First pitied her, then love he gave,
Sought her hand in wedlock too,
Told her *his love* was really true;
Soothed all the sorrows past with bliss,
Through tales of coming happiness.

* Indian name for John Rolfe.

OF EARLY DAYS.

And so to her there came a joy,
A happiness without alloy,
And though she loved the new the best,
The old would wake within her breast
To toll the bells of memory,
A sad requiem, 'mid pleasantry.

Ring out ye bells, ye wedding bells,
Fill all the woods, fill all the dells,
Let all the birds with sweet-voiced song,
Join with the echoes the sound prolong.
Ring joyful bells of Jamestown gay,
This is the Princess' wedding-day.

The wedding-day has come at last,
While all the clouds seem to have passed;
All of the town is set to rights,
That all may come to view the sights.
The church is filled with perfume wild,
On every side the flowers are piled.

The Governor with suite attend,
And all the people come as a friend;
Pow-ha-tan and his household too,
With all his braves loyal and true,
Each bears a gift, a box of gold,
With title deeds of lands unsold.

INDIAN LEGENDS

And all the strife is laid aside,
When Wa-ta-gei-nee claims his bride,
A treaty made that calls for peace,
Calls for all warfare now to cease.
A bond is wielded true and strong,
That he who breaks must answer wrong.

The bride wore silk of emerald hue,
'Broidered with beads like drops of dew;
With leaves of gold worked in with thread,
A band of same worn round the head,
A belt of gold and gems most rare,
While scarlet plumes drooped from the hair.

These with a chain and bracelets two,
With rings and shoes to match in hue,
With costly veil like morning mist
That hangs o'er mountain-top just kissed;
The brow, as sunlight wakes the day,
To scare the shadows all away.

The groom attired like cavalier,
In courtly dress a royal peer,
With sword and buckler by his side,
A contrast stood beside his bride.
The love light springing from his eyes,
A love that time and death defies.

OF EARLY DAYS.

The hands are joined, the service read,
Husband and wife the words are said;
Husband and wife pronounced so clear,
The kingly chief Pow-ha-tan hears,
And in his heart rose kingly pride,
To see his child a paleface's bride.

Thus progress sooths all natures wild,
Leads them through ways loving and mild,
Caring for each through darkness led,
With milk and honey oft she fed,
From Wisdom's fount, a waking light
That helped them on to paths more bright.

As Earth does hold within its breast,
A reconstructive true process,
So progress in the darkest mind,
Shall reconstruct all error blind;
It may be slow or rapid flight,
But still in time 'twill win the fight.

Come to the feast, the wedding feast,
Come rich and poor, come great and least,
On Governor's hill the feast is spread,
And all of Jamestown welcome fed.
Then o'er the wave on ocean's tide,
Wa-ta-gei-nee takes his queenly bride

INDIAN LEGENDS

To England's shore, land of the sun,
The royal home of paleface nation;
She meets the queen, she meets the king,
She sees the cities, sees everything.
But Hons-ta-ma-tha comes not near,
To welcome her 'midst all this cheer.

He should have been the first to greet,
The first to welcome, the first to meet
This true-tried friend, Ma-to-a-ka,
This friend who saved his life one day;
The maid whose heart he stole away
To cast aside for some new play.

This treatment brought an added weight
To Po-ca-hon-tas' regal state;
She marvelled what the cause could be,
Was mystified as time did flee.
'Twas hard to think him false, untrue,
Though he had broken faith she knew.

The years have lapsed, a joy most fair
Has come into their home for care,
A bright-eyed daughter baby girl,
With blue'st eyes, with sunny curl;
A precious gift, so dainty, sweet,
Her life is filled with joy complete.

OF EARLY DAYS.

And motherhood now doubly blessed,
In this new joy finds a sweet rest
Watching the dawning intellect,
Which she must now work to protect,
And lead along so carefully,
From wonderment to reality.

A pale-faced baby! Oh, how blest,
Of all her joys this is the best;
A gift from heaven so wisely sent,
To fill the place that sorrow rent.
And all her energies combined,
Shall work the plans that progress lined.

Yet oft amid these grand, new ways,
Her heart goes back to childhood's days,
Her forest home canopied with green,
The wild-wood bloom hid 'neath the screen;
The song of birds by the woodland trail,
The thrush, the robin and the nightingale.

The whip-poor-will in the thicket copse,
The wise old owl in the tree tops;
The hares and squirrels, the dear things,
All these to the exile memory brings;
The rivers and brooks gliding away,
The cataracts leap with foamy spray.

INDIAN LEGENDS

The valleys and plains and mountains high,
Where the grand old eagles love to fly,
The fiery steed with nostrils wide
Which none but a redman dare to ride;
The hunt and the chase so wild and free,
These with her own she longs to see.

She would take her way back o'er the sea,
For the pomps of life set wearily;
She loves it though, this upward way,
But her thoughts to the old will stray,
And Wa-ta-gei-nee wishful to please,
Will take her back, her heart to ease.

Yet, ere she goes she must try to find
Hons-ta-ma-tha, and friendship bind,
Heal all the difference if she could,
For the sake of the old time brotherhood.
But when they meet his careless tone
Tells her his friendly love has flown.

Down at his feet kneeling she pleads
To know the cause of scorn she reads;
But jestingly, he there denies
That any difference underlies
His treatment. And covertly tries
To make her understand 'twas pride
Of birth, that kept him from her side.

OF EARLY DAYS.

She saw, she heard! Her dark cheek flushed,
Her heart beats wild, as life blood rushed
Like a tumultuous torrent
That rain clouds down a gorge has sent.
Proudly erect with queenly grace,
She speaks these words with ashen face:

Farewell, my friend! My work is done,
I leave this land of Morning Sun,
To cross the sea, the ocean wave,
To my own home, where Redman brave
Would stand all torture rather than show
Ingratitude: Farewell, I go.

Weeping, she turns back to her home,
Where loved ones watch to see her come,
But the proud spirit is rent in twain,
The wounded bird sings never again;
And e'er they leave to cross the wave,
Her spirit returns to God who gave.

Ring out ye bells, ring sad and slow
Let all of Jamestown hear and know
A gentle spirit has passed away,
To the great beyond, where all must stray
When life is o'er. The good, the bad.
Ring out ye bells! Toll slow and sad.

* * * * *

INDIAN LEGENDS

Say gentle spirit dost thou ever come,
To visit the scenes of thy lost home?
If so 'tis planned, you surely see
How wisdom helped progress through thee,
Though bitter mingled with the sweet,
Thy work was well, thy work complete.

Thy deeds of love, thy gentle ways,
Shall all be sung by thy posterity,
While on the leaves of thy history's page
The proudest shall trace their lineage.
But he who turned thy love away
His name, be lost in time's obliquity.

Among the names that history brings,
Of Legends old, or poets sing,
None has a richer melody,
Or sadder pathos of that day
Than this sweet tale of human play.
Where hate and love, and passions sway,
Wove thread by thread, with warp and woof,
A tale of marvellous love and truth.

NETTIE PARRISH MARTIN.

Auburn, March 30th, 1923.

THE ONEIDAS.

Within a forest's sheltered glade,
Close beside a rippling stream,
Where moss rich tapestry o'er laid
The earth and rocks with richest green,

Lived a chieftain among his braves,
A noble clan of freedom's sons,
Her first-born progeny. Not slaves
But men whose intellect there clung

To all the spirit part and paved
The way to a higher, nobler life.
'Twas thus they ever sought and craved
The Spirit's help thro' mysteries rife.

Content with all He seeming gave,
Of joy, of sorrow, death or life.
Nor would they brook to be the slave
Of cultured progress' fettered strife.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Moved by a spirit-power unseen,
They live and spend each night and day
Without a care. And learn to lean
(To let time bring what e'er it may.)

And ask for all their yearning wants,
Of Him who feeds the spirit part,
Unconscious that these sheltered haunts
Have brought them here near God's own heart.

They ever see Him in each leaf,
In flower, in the bright water's play,
The thunder's voice is Spirit Chief,
Speaking to them in mystic way.

The sun, the moon, the bright stars course,
Like pictured book unfolds to them
The Great Spirit's majestic force,
That planned all these for mortal man.

THEIR SIGNS.

Thus children of this coistered vale,
They learn to know the seasons' call.
For when the Maize its golden veil,
Of many leaves like covered ball

OF EARLY DAYS.

Hangs heavy on its upward stalk,
Then winter's snows will higher creep,
And when the blackbird and the hawk,
In countless numbers fly and keep

A southward flight, then winter's nigh;
And Bruin when his shadow sees,
Turns back with momentary sigh,
To take a six weeks' longer ease.

'Tis then their food they careful hoard
For spring is still a long way off.
When beaver builds low down the ford,
Then winter soon her snows will doff.

The crescent moon in silver tint
Holds all the rain if horn is bent
But if it downward hangs 'tis hint
That all she holds to earth is sent.

And thus each hunter knows the sign
That Luna smiling sends to earth.
'Tis time to hunt for prey she shines,
Then blushing red foretells a dearth.

INDIAN LEGENDS

All this they learn, apt scholars they,
In Nature's book. A simple folk,
Whose life of freedom a perfect day,
Untrammelled by a bondsman's yoke.

True sons of Honor's high estate,
Thy vet'rans are in chivalry,
And quickly learn to estimate
The good in all this quickened clay.

And he who dare diverge the line
Hath hurt himself beyond repute.
For thus he shows a brutish mind,
That hath not known the Spirit's care.

Ah! homeland of a noble race
That once roamed thro' these glades and hills,
A pale-face nation owns thy place,
With minds attuned as progress wills.

And Nature here can find no place
Where she can hold a close commune,
Nor in these scenes can hardly trace,
What once she called her very own.

OF EARLY DAYS.

Here forests grand, stately and old,
Have vanished like a dream,
And in their place are fields of gold,
Whose nodding heads with riches teem.

These waters that went sparkling free,
Are yoked and bound by progress' chain,
And made to bear prosperity,
Where'er she wills and all her gain.

The brute creation lingered still,
After the redman's rapid flight,
But paleface brought with him a will
And now they too have passed from sight.

Only a burial mound remains,
Only a remnant of some wood,
Or some wild flower, blooming again,
Bears witness in its solitude.

But though the redman passed away,
Many a legend tale is told,
For love forsooth held sceptered sway,
And garnered all their secrets old.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Many a winter's storm hath heaped
Its snows upon a grand dame's grave,
But still her story ages keep,
And passing generations save.

Sometimes a bloody massacre,
Would send the chills down to our feet.
But when this tale we'd coax of her,
We listened then our joy complete.

Perhaps 'twere fiction made to please,
A childish restlessness to tame.
But yet through all the years it sees,
They each and all tell it the same.

And thus the misty ages bring
Adown the slope of passing time,
A record that with myst'ries ring,
A name of richest legendary.

'Twas thus it ran, one of the clans
Or tribes as redmen call their brood,
Had long known want and idle hands
Had weakly grown for lack of food.

OF EARLY DAYS.

Oh-gee-chee, chief of this one clan,
Sought the Great Spirit for His help,
But still fierce hunger thro' the land,
Blighted all hope and havoc made.

The cold intense had settled down,
And ice had glued each sparkling wave,
And deer and game found other ground,
To furnish all their longings crave.

In the wigwam sat Na-has-sett,
With her last-born upon her lap,
All day he moaned for food; and yet
When night her mantle wrapped,

He moaning fell asleep; nor waked
For very weariness; but slept.
Na-has-sett's heart within her quacked,
For fear the night Oh-gee-chee kept

Far from his home pursuing game,
And morn would tell once more the tale.
With each succeeding night the same,
His hunt for food and succor fail.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Kneeling outside the wigwam door,
She fearful asks the Spirit's care.
When through the trail came bounding o'er,
A wounded deer, and answered prayer,

Dying beside her prostrate form.
And then Oh-gee-chee, panting bore
A pale-face child he saved from harm,
And laid it on the wigwam floor.

And this the tale the chieftain told.
He wandered far along the chase,
Till in the west the sun like gold,
Departing threw its beams thro' space

And touched the heavy draperies
Of clouds, that banked the western sky
With broad light bands of golden rays,
That purpled crimsoned far and high.

He set him down beneath a cliff,
Faint and weak from his long fasting,
When far above thro' rock-worn rift,
He saw an eagle homeward wing

OF EARLY DAYS.

Its way to where the rock was cleft;
And then he saw he bore some food
To nourish those at home he left,
High on the rock his eagle brood.

'Twas then desire nerved his arm,
He thought of those he left at home.
And thus he counted it no harm,
To make them all his very own.

He climbed the rock. There in the light
Beside the screeching eagles wild
With clothes all torn, convulsed with fright,
He saw with pain a pale-face child.

Within his hand he grasped a stone,
As if he questioned there his might,
The yielding up, his life alone
Without some struggle for the right.

Seizing the boy from farther harm,
He vanquished all his eagle foes.
Then wrapping him in blanket warm
He down the icy mountain goes.

INDIAN LEGENDS

The sun which lingered all this while,
Now threw one gleam of crimson gold
O'er mountain peak thro' sharp defile,
Then sank to rest its mission told.

Oh-gee-chee felt 'twas Spirit care
That led him to that eyerie nest.
And felt the Spirit wished him share,
His worldly goods with all the rest.

'Twas thus this child-like faith and trust,
Held sway o'er vulgar passion's play.
And softened all those savage lusts,
Where confidence confiding lay.

Oh-gee-chee now with troubled fear,
Went speeding o'er the homeward trail,
When cross the gorge he sees a deer,
Standing outlined in daylight pale

Against the snow-white rock.—He sees,
And then his arrow speeding brings
A low sad wail. It madly flees
Far down the trail, and hoofbeats ring.

OF EARLY DAYS.

And flecks of blood Oh-gee-chee sees
On crusted snow; tell plainly there
The evil spirit is appeased,
The God of plenty answered prayer.

Oh-gee-chee bade Na-has-sett care
And dress the little white boy's wounds.
For his coming brought good luck there,
And they must keep him many moons.

The good squaw then took eagles' meat *
And dressed his wounds so fearful deep,
And gave the paleface food to eat,
Then hushed his sobs he fell asleep.

When o'er the earth again 'twas day,
Otisco moaning cryin' woke.
Sees the boy and cries: Oh! Nei-da
Nei-da. Oh! Nei-da, thus he spoke.

Then clasp his little hands with glee,
His very woe forgot in joy,
To see a mate though strange he be,
And thus he named the pale-face boy.

* Bite of the same dog cures the wound. (An old indian proverb.)

INDIAN LEGENDS

* Oneida clung (nor would he part),
Through all his troubled dreaming rest,
Close to the stone, pressed to his heart,
The one he had in eagle's nest,

As if to him some strength it lent,
To succor him in time of need.
Oh-gee-chee said the Spirit sent
The stone as charm his life to lead.

The sun 'woke warm o'er all the earth,
And thawed the ice on limb and tree,
While little rivers full of mirth,
Ran reckless downward, wild and free.

Oh-gee-chee shared his meat with all,
For hunters still were far from home.
But ere the night had spread her pall,
They to the camp with plenty come.

Hunger's appeased and all is joy,
They dance with wild hilarity
And vow allegiance to the boy
Whose coming brought prosperity.

* Oh-nei-da, one tradition says, was a French word for Oh! nice, and the Indians perverted it by calling things nieta Oneida.

OF EARLY DAYS.

O-nei-da grew in strength each day,
And child-like soon forgot his woes.
'Mid all this stirring, wild, new way,
In fact he learned to like it so.

At length he came to man's estate,
Loved by Oh-gee-chee as his son,
Otisco shared his every fate,
What one proposed the other done.

Like duckling reared by clucking hen,
A fault in them he could not see.
Until his kind he saw and then
There 'woke a true affinity.

Where peril was he bravely went,
Nor ever thought of cringing fear.
His manly strength was cheerful lent,
To succor those to him most dear.

'Twas he whose speeding arrow gave
To chief the finest of all game.
'Twas he who fearless rode to save,
Through war, and mercy showed the same.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Now lapse of years had brought no change
Except the good Na-has-sett's death.
But in her place a paleface strange,
Filled part the void her dying left.

From o'er the waters where the sun
Did seem to leap from morning bath,
And tip each crested wave when done,
With burnished gold along its path,

A vessel sped rocked by the wave
Rode safely to her destiny.
And safely to the new world gave,
A gleam of light of dawning day.

Good Father Hermann, priest and friend,
By German mission here was sent.
To labor and perhaps to spend
The residue of life content.

He came among the Iroquois
And found Oh-gee-chee kind and true.
And here he found these brave young boys,
He taught them how to live and do.

OF EARLY DAYS.

Good Hermann was a godly man
A pattern of humility.
He sought to make them understand
The plan of true divinity.

'Twas thus the seed its good fruit bore,
O-nei-da gave to God his heart,
He listened to good Hermann more,
And trusting strove to do his part.

Otisco more from habit came,
Because O-nei-da wished him go.
And soon he loved the word the same
The truth he learned to know.

When evening shadows deepened nigh,
And tired earth seemed 'bout to sleep,
When the dear birdies home would fly,
And moon and stars would softly creep,

O-nei-da found a restful peace,
Sitting beside his new-found friend,
Till every forest sound would cease,
Charmed with each word he uttered then,

INDIAN LEGENDS

LOVE.

Ofttimes we think we each do know,
Just what the day to us will bring.
But ere at night to rest we go,
We find a change in many things.

Perhaps 'twere sorrow's crushing blow,
Perhaps 'twere joy beyond all thought.
Perhaps a friend turned to a foe,
Yet time these changes oft has wrought.

CHANGES.

O-nei-da and Otisco went,
As wont to hunt for rabbit meat.
And as their luck increased it lent
A fresh impetus to their feet.

They wandered far away from home,
Within the thickest of the wood,
Enchanted by the sport they roam,
Lured by the perfect solitude.

At length they come upon a scene,
A village standing by a stream,
O'ershadowed by gray rocks that lean
To shelter all below; and seem

OF EARLY DAYS.

To guard the place with watchful eye,
And frown upon intrusion there.
Here trailing vines in richness lie
On rock and bank in beauty fair.

Making this spot a fairyland,
The very place that love would see.
For beauty grows where love commands,
And Nature paints exquisitely.

WIN-NEE-OCK-EE-LES.

And thus they meet beneath the trees,
Where love sat smiling at his ease,
A Mohawk maid as pure and free
As flower, Win-nec-ock-ee-les.

Quick as a flash their hearts have flown,
Forth from their eyes to meet her own.
A joy exquisite never known,
Hides the arrow by Cupid thrown.

She bids them to her lodge repair,
To rest their every weariness,
To meet her aged father there,
Good Tus-ga-wee-ga as his guest.

INDIAN LEGENDS

SECRETS.

A night has passed, a day has fled,
And still they linger many days,
Lured by the maid who charming led
Them both along love's pleasant ways.

O-nei-da seeks to hide his love,
From brave Otisco's searching eyes.
Otisco knows the cooing dove,
Loves him and all he does and tries.

At last they part and both believe
That he's the favored suitor sure,
Of sweet Win-nee-ock-ee-les,
Ah! thus did Cupid ever lure.

EDEN.

Centuries have brought a story long
From the first Eden forest home,
Where Mother Eve thought it no wrong
To talk and flirt with more than one.

But Adam as the story's told,
Had eyes for only Mother Eve.
And here is where love first enrolled
And earth her lesson first receives.

OF EARLY DAYS.

Perhaps 'twere virtue wisely blessed,
To keep and hold maternity,
But this we know and guess the rest,
True love fits earth most charmingly.

There may be times love's indiscreet,
For Satan steals in love's retreat,
And smoothly works his wiles so sweet,
He sometimes finds virtue asleep.

DIFFERENCES.

And now there came between the two
A something hard to understand,
And where they used to think and do
The same, they sadly seemed estranged.

THE VISIT.

Time passed and spring had come once more,
Then Tus-ga-wee-ga left his door,
Taking fair Win-nee-ock-ee-les,
And journeyed west the maid to please.

He came to visit Oh-gee-chee,
To have a little friendly chat,
About a future chief; and see
If he would give advice 'bout that.

INDIAN LEGENDS

For he was old and soon must go
To the Great Spirit's hunting ground,
And he would like if it 'twere so,
That either brave had favor found

With the sweet Win-nee-ock-ee-les,
And he would give him land and brave.
For this would make his heart at ease,
E're he was sleeping in the grave.

A PROBLEM.

Oh-gee-chee's heart beat fast with pride,
For here came honor to his fold,
As it was known both far and wide,
That he was rich in land and gold.

Oh-gee-chee thought and thought and thought,
So many vexious questions came.
At length the Spirit came and taught,
To let the maiden tell the name.

And so he bade him tarry 'while
To let the Spirit work its will,
And make the maiden's loving smile,
The chosen one, with love to fill.

OF EARLY DAYS.

And now they waited day by day
And let fair youth have its own way,
To solve the problem as it may,
While love is busy with its play.

JEALOUSY.

At length there came as always comes,
A time when one was tortured deep,
Where love had been rage found a home
And jealousy its secrets keep.

One afternoon O-tis-co spied
O-nei-da and the maiden fair
Sitting and talking side by side
Within a leafy bower there.

He saw the smile that lit her eyes,
That beamed and rippled o'er her face,
He saw her bosom heave and rise,
Her hand within O-nei-da's place.

At once there came a lack, a dearth,
He seems to be so strangely old,
All joy is gone, there is no mirth,
The earth to him seems void and cold.

INDIAN LEGENDS

And as he watched there came within
A strange new light, startling but true,
And thus it seemed to say to him,
'Tis he she loves it is not you.

And then he walks and talks thro' night,
Through all the thickest shadowed light
Meets O-nei-da with heart aright
Seeking good Hermann to invite

And ask him tie the nuptial knot.
He sees O-tis-co walking there,
With heated brow and anger hot,
Who in this 'vengeful spirit dare

To strike his rival. He forgot
All else. Should once the blow be dealt,
And while the arm was lifted not,
O-nei-da saw and pity felt.

He tried to pacify his would-be foe,
"O-tis-co brother, stay thy hand,
If thou must deal the blow
That sends me to the spirit land,

OF EARLY DAYS.

We'll part in peace. You I forgive,
And here beneath these moonlit trees,
I give my blessing while I live
And leave you Win-nee-ock-ee-les."

THE SPIRIT'S CARE.

The hands dropped weak; he could not deal
The blow to one who loving gave
His own true life a breach to heal,
And would not try his life to save.

"O-nei-da can you me forgive,
When here beneath these forest trees
I sought thy life that I might live
To win fair Win-nee-ock-ee-les?"

(O-nei-da.)

"O-tis-co, brother, why this wrong,
'Tis spirit of some evil one,
Have we not loved each other long?
Speak, brother speak, what would'st thou done?"

REMORSE.

(O-tis-co:)

"The redman's passion, fierce and wild,
Hath perished like the morning dew,
And in its place a spirit mild
That sees and knows how to be true.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Brother O-tis-co's heart is dead.

The earth has lost her joy for me,
Passion has fled and in its stead,
A monster vile I seem to be.

A viper who would crawl and sting

The hand that kindly gives it food.
'Twas love, real love, the evil thing
That brought about this fenzied mood.

I seemed to think you were my foe,
That fearful passion seemed to live
And move my every being so,
Say O-nei-da canst thou forgive?"

(O-nei-da:)

"Brother, forgiveness is but part,
My yearning soul in pity sees
How hard it is to make the heart
Give up its all, others to please.

We both have lived and had one mind
And had no secrets hid between
Until this thing called love did find
A way our loving hearts to wean."

OF EARLY DAYS.

PEACE.

Good Hermann too had restless grown,
And quiet sought in midnight air.
He walking there in thought alone,
Saw all that had transpired there.

He saw the Spirit gently lead
O-tis-co to a better mind,
And thankful grew his heart for seed,
Whose fruit o'erpowered passion blind.

He came to them and laid his hands
On both their heads, then spoke these words:
"God knows the stars, He counts the sands,
He saw this struggle, each word heard.

And He is pleased, you cannot know
How pleased; to see His children pray,
And thus forgive and mercy show.
For God hath been with you this day."

Then leading them to wigwam door,
He pointed to a path of peace.
And kindly blessing them once more
He begged them let all difference cease.

INDIAN LEGENDS

WAR.

The morning brought a scent of war,
The winds came surging thro' the pines,
Low boomed the thunder from afar,
The storm king came with all these signs.

And storm was in the hearts of men
And all the village was astir
For Sioux have trespassed they contend,
Have stolen game. Thus they confer.

They took the scalps of our young braves
And left them all where they were slain,
Now we must go to make their graves,
Then punish them for this foul stain.

O-nei-da bade the maid good-bye
And kissed the anxious, tearful face
With this assurance if he die,
O-tis-co, he must take his place.

And now the maiden decks her brave
With beads and feathers wrought with care,
Then asks the Spirit keep and save
All those who go to battle there.

OF EARLY DAYS.

VICTORY.

When once the spirit is afire,
Within the hearts of men who feel,
Justice justifies resentful ire
To slay the slayer, a breach to heal.

Then war is always fierce and wild,
Insulted pride wounds deep within,
Like thorns in flesh, it rankles riled,
To center thought on that one thing.

THE IMAGE OF SOME SPIRIT.

Some unseen force, some spirit sense,
Taught redmen that their body bore
A semblance to its maker. Hence
Disfigurement was punished more

Than all the cheating, lying ways
Humanity could bring to bear.
For while one hurt a few short days,
The other marred for all time there.

And he who lost his scalp by foe
Felt keenly sore o'er his mishap,
All emulation now must go,
And midnight gloom his spirit wrap.

INDIAN LEGENDS

VICTORY.

They fly along the forest trail,
Pursuing eager for the fray.
They've been betrayed they must not fail,
Insulted honor claims its prey.

ENEMY'S CAMP.

Around its smoking camp fire,
Unconscious lay the enemy.
When shrieks that rise high and higher,
'Rouse them from sleep at break of day.

The echoes ring ten sounds for one,
To fill the woods with swarms of fiends,
They shout for mercy as they run,
Where'er a 'vengeful foe is seen.

A fearful onslaught rages here,
A fierce encounter hand to hand,
One fights for name to him most dear,
The other at his life's demand.

No sign of weariness or fear,
Did the brave redman ever show,
From his dark eye no falling tear,
When he was vanquished there would flow.

OF EARLY DAYS.

But stoic bravery tho' he were hack'd
And torn in pieces by his foe,
He would not flinch tho' he were rack'd
By torture, none would ever know.

DEATH.

The conflict raged until no foe
The victors of the fight can see,
Then all prepare to homeward go,
When there beside a large oak tree

They find O-tis-co dying there,
Where cruel arrows pierced his heart.
Then each and all with loving care,
Do all they can to ease the smart.

He sees how useless this must be,
And calls "O-nei-da, are you here?
Brother, the light is fading, see,
The death angel is drawing near.

But ere I go brother, one word,
Place me within the burial mound
Where all the forest's music's heard,
Close by the river's rushing sound.

INDIAN LEGENDS

And when the spring returns each year,
Will you and Win-nee-ock-ee-les
Bring sweet wild flowers to plant near
O-tis-co's grave in mem'ry please?

Tell Hermann I have gained true love,
And peace that passeth death for life.
It comes to me from God above,
And gives such joy I feel no strife.

I leave Oh-gee-chee to your care,
The world is fading from my view,
Brother, I ask you meet me there
Where life and love are always true."

Above his heart he placed his hands,
His lips then moved to utter prayer.
"Father above in spirit lands
Forgive and take O-tis-co there.

Let thy dear presence guide me cross,
Thro' the deep waters to the shore,
Where all the friends that I have lost,
I'll meet to dwell with evermore."

OF EARLY DAYS.

The end had come, the spirit flown,
And they prepare to take their way,
Back o'er the trail with sad, sad moan,
In burial mound the dead to lay.

TREACHERY.

Sometimes deep grief will make men wild,
Will take all kindness from their soul.
'Twas thus O-gee-chee's heart was riled,
As crushing sorrow o'er him rolled.

He roamed alone and seemed to be
A senseless stone without a tear.
If only it could prove a dream and flee,
And morning light make it all clear.

This is the mood bad spirits like
To work their evil charms upon,
Scarce did this grief his bosom strike,
Ere thoughts of treachery to him did come.

Good Hermann who had thoughtless told
The midnight scene down in the wood,
And how O-tis-co's fierce wild mood
Was led by spirit wise and good,

INDIAN LEGENDS

Had dropped a straw which in its turn,
Was magnified and made to be
A pretext for their lives with stern,
Morose, vindictive Oh-gee-chee.

And now he thinks when battle raged,
And everyone with foe engaged,
That then O-nei-da his death planned,
That he might win the maiden's hand.

They both are watched and bound by braves,
With jealous eye that guards them well,
Oh-gee-chee near them walks and raves
And scouts at all O-nei-da tells.

DOOMED TO DEATH.

At last the day appointed breaks,
With downpour rain and thunder boom,
As if each cloud wept for their sakes,
As they were led forth to their doom.

'Twas thus be planned to take their lives,
First brave O-nei-da he must die,
Then next good Hermann. Pierced by knives,
That through the air around them fly.

OF EARLY DAYS.

They may not die among the scenes
Where they have passed each happy day;
But far away thro' forest green
Near by a cataract's falling spray.

And all his braves stand silent by,
While Tus-ga-wee-ga's vengeance take,
And Win-nee-ock-ee-les sees him die.
Thus hard their fate they try to make.

OH-GEE-CHEE'S SPEECH TO O-NEI-DA.

"Son," said the chief, "I saved your life,
And warmed you in my own warm breast,
What evil spirit caused the strife
That sent your brother to his rest?"

My heart is like a failing spring,
Where pure fresh waters cease to flow.
'Tis useless now, no strength it brings
To life that round it tries to grow.

You tell of a Spirit that gave
And cares for His children below,
Bid Him come your lives to save,
And Oh-gee-chee will pardon you."

INDIAN LEGENDS

HERMANN SPEAKS TO O-GEE-CHEE.

"Chieftain," and Hermann spake the word,
"The Spirit that I love and own,
Knows my own heart, my prayer has heard
My sorrows too to Him are known.

I care not for the death you plan,
Since He will help me through it all,
I care more for this brave young man,
Who through dark treachery must fall.

I know his heart is brave and true,
I know his thoughts are still for you,
Death hath no terrors, if 'twere you,
His life he'd give and die and do."

O-NEI-DA.

O-nei-da's life a reflex bore
A likened semblance to his father,
Whate'er he said or did was more
To him than all the world together.

O-NEI-DA SPEAKS TO O-GEE-CHEE.

"Father, what were a thousand lives,
Life is not life its sweetness gone,
Dishonored thus before all eyes,
The bird has lost its happy song.

OF EARLY DAYS.

I know you say that thro' my veins
The hated pale-face blood runs free,
But this I know, it bears no stain
Of base ingratitude to thee.

I would not live though you should bid,
To go back where my friends may be,
I'd rather die, my body hid
Here 'mong these scenes I love to see."

WIN-NEE-OCK-EE-LES SPEAKS TO OH-GEE-CHEE.

"Chieftain," Win-nee-ock-ee-les said,
"My father is an aged tree,
That every breeze that blows o'erhead,
Turns it which way it wills it be.

The Mohawk maid is a young tree,
That grows and thrives where sunlight falls,
It withers where the shadows be
Let the good chief his words recall.

The braves that take O-nei-da's life,
Are our own braves and friends to me.
And they have promised that same knife,
Shall kill Win-nee-ock-ee-les."

INDIAN LEGENDS

SAVED.

The lightnings crash, the earth is rent,
The rocks roll down in one huge mass
As if some angry spirit sent
These stones to save their lives at last.

For when they look there all alone,
O-nei-da stands. The braves are dead.
And at his feet a large, red stone,
That fell near him from overhead.

FEAR.

"'Tis the God of fire, Oh-gee-chee!"
Said Tus-ga-wee-ga falling prone.
"God of fire and redmen flee
And leave the captives there alone."

"God of love," Win-nec-ock-ee-les
Said. "Oh, Chieftains, look afar and see
The storm has fled and all the trees
Are nodding thanks the sun to see."

Said Tus-ga-wee-ga, "See the sun,
Is the fire from His mighty heart,
The moon His breath when day is done,
And every star His victories part.

OF EARLY DAYS.

The thunder is His voice of wrath,
Lightning the speeding arrow's flash,
That flies adown the starry path
To pierce each cloud the rain to dash.

I know He's love, see the wild ferns
Lift up their heads for sun to kiss,
And sparkle when the breezes turn
Each waving twig to form the mist.

The river has a happy sound,
Oh-gee-chee," Tus-ga-wee-ga said,
"The aged oak new life has found,
And love abides where hate has fled."

"The God of love", said the good priest,
"God tries each child to test his worth,
Yet helps withal the very least,
We all are His from hour of birth."

PRAYER.

"Father I thank thee in this need,
That Thou hast walked close by my side,
And turned fierce hate to love, indeed,
My heart o'erflows with gratitude.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Father, let the good seed sown,
Bring forth a hundredfold for Thee
Oh, make these savage hearts Thy own,
Bright stars in Hermann's crown for me."

Oh-gee-chee seeing, then grows weak,
"It's the Great Spirit's voice," he said,
"You both are free! Oh, paleface speak
And tell Him by His will I'm led."

He names O-nei-da child of the stone,
And gives him braves and lands to please,
Accepts the living God each one
And then true light Oh-gee-chee sees.

THE END.

And then the legend tells how true
O-nei-da kept his word and wed
Win-nee-ock-ee-les; and how through
Many happy years their lives were sped.

Until a nation grew, its name,
O-nei-da, child of the stone.
Thus down the misty age it came
And really means "God save His own."

OF EARLY DAYS.

And thus there is to this last day
A remnant of this nation dead,
Who saved by God's own hand and way,
Are hopeful by the Spirit led.

NETTIE PARRISH MARTIN.

Auburn, January 1st, 1897.

THE LOST ARROW.

*Os-sa-hin-ta was a warrior bold
Stout of limb as any giant old.
Fleet of foot with deer-like fleetness
Proud and brave, he was the bravest,
Straight as any bowman's arrow,
He could love and he could sorrow.

When his arm in warfare lifted,
All the muscles knot and twisted
Like giant roots of some gnarled tree,
That from the earth choose to be free,
And loosely on the ground to run,
And toughen 'mid the blast and sun.

So he by prowess brought to light,
The subtle nature of his might,
In the free life of forest air,
He perfect grew to manhood there.
Gaining strength in wild pursuits,
'Till he was master of the brutes.

- * Os-sa-hin-ta was a young Indian chief who died broken-hearted. He was the son of a brave chief, one of six nations, his home was on the shores of the Skaneateles lake, where a steamboat named after him (The Os-sa-hin-ta) plies between the foot and head for the accommodation of tourists.

OF EARLY DAYS.

Thus all that wrestle with him share
Alike! He mastered all who dare
To question what he thought was right,
Or sought one of his friends to slight
He walked the earth a monarch there
A king amid the forest fair.

True was his arrow's speeding flight,
To some tall clift, or mountain height,
To bring rich trophies for his skill,
Unsatisfied he wanders still
With restless yearnings in his breast,
To meet some foe his strength to test.

The very beasts crouch back to lair,
To meet his eye none could or dare.
They seemed to feel with slinking fear,
That all must leave his pathway clear,
The very reptiles glide away,
Where'er his daring footsteps stray.

Born in a forest by a stream,
Life seems to him a pleasant dream.
And Nature mother of it all,
Whom he obeys whate'er her call.
A chieftain's son of brave repute
'Twere natural he should follow suit.

INDIAN LEGENDS

And so he braved what dangers came
With all his kinsfolks' stoic fame,
But way down deep 'neath swelling breast,
There pulsed a heart of tenderness.
And passion lit the dark eyes' flame,
When love with wonder to him came.

Then all the world to him did wake,
A joyous melody to make,
The very streams did sing a song,
To mingle with the birds at morn.
Even the chatterings of the wood,
His heart responds to find them good.

Led by love with her fickle chain,
Fired with passion's resistless flame
Os-sa-hin-ta goes a-wooing,
Just as men to-day are doing,
And the maid with hope and fear
Fans the flame with ceaseless cheer.

And thus he bowed a willing slave,
When first he met love in a cave,
Listening to hear the waters sweet
Dashing downward at her feet.
On-nei-wee-da, child of light,
He made her queen of day and night.

OF EARLY DAYS.

And she like all the maids of old,
Finds out the weakest spot to hold,
To make his life a perfect joy,
Or crush his spirit like a toy;
To mend again with taunting bliss
By On-nei-wee-da's tempting kiss.

On-nei-wee-da, forest flower,
Knew not the charm of her own power,
'Till in his eyes she saw the flame,
That lit response in her's the same.
Then from a child she maiden grew,
When life in love she sought and knew.

Timid before as wild gazelle
Pure as the fawn in forest dell
She now wakes out of childish thought
And simply is what Nature wrought
A flowerette rare of tenderness
That love awoke to happiness.

And thus she led and thus he tarried,
His soul on fire while she dallied.
His heart was rent with joy, then fear,
Lest she some other brave would cheer.
And so he urges on his suit,
With all the ardor of dispute.

INDIAN LEGENDS

But On-nei-wee-da, jesting maid,
To try his love a plot has laid;
Will not hearken to his wooing,
Cares not what she sees him doing,
Says all we love and most do prize,
Is bought by some great sacrifice.

And so with mischief in her eyes,
She taunts him there with cowardice
And tells him that she'd test his skill,
"To see if he was redman still.
For he who weds Pow-ha-tan's heir,
Must shoot this eaglet from my hair.

And I will stand by yonder tree
And bind the eaglet thus you see;
Now waver not but go and do
That I may know your love is true.
Your chance is first now joy betide
If you should win come claim your bride."

So thus dismissed he seeks his home,
And by his camp fire weeps alone,
Till all at once he brings to mind,
A wise old squaw who, nearly blind,
Could read the future good or bad,
For him she'd see what future had.

OF EARLY DAYS.

And so he wanders through the night,
To reach her lodge when it is light.
He pacifies her greed of pelf
Then questions her with fevered breath,
To know if the Great Spirit's wrath,
Will send some evil o'er his path.

Old Quin-ni-pac was very wise,
And though old time had dimmed her eyes
She oft could see to read the stars,
And though her hands were streaked with scars
She still could mix her charms to woo
The spirits' help that round her flew,

And trace the fate of all who turn,
To her lodge door and seek to learn
What potent charm will cure some ill
They luckless have about them still.
Told all in love and all in hate,
And traced in fire the nation's fate.

So when he plead she waved her stick
And this commenced the black art trick;
Stirred up the camp fire with a turn,
Then put a reptile where it would burn,
Stroked a black cat with loving care,
Crooning a song of mystic air.

INDIAN LEGENDS

The fire smouldered low at first,
Then in a roaring flame it burst,
Which made the squaw dance with delight,
She poured a liquid on the light;
When from the flame an eaglet fleet,
Fell down in ashes at her feet.

Next she threw on a wondering frog,
And pinioned him down with a log.
Then in the smoke whirled everywhere
They saw outlined a maiden fair
That floats far up among the trees
And quick dissolves 'mid ether seas.

With stick she traced: "Your sorely tried
By one that sent you from her side,
To test your love with task severe,
I see you win, so never fear.
I cut an arrow-head last moon,
'Twas cut from flint and none too soon.

I found the stone where geyser spring
Comes forth from earth with bubbling ring;
'Tis red flint flecked and streaked with white
A talisman of wonderous might.
'Twill bring to you whate'er you seek
As sure as I these words do speak.

OF EARLY DAYS.

The maid you seek shall be your bride,
This brings good luck whate'er betide,
While you this arrow keep at hand,
You ne'er shall want for food or land,
But should you let it from you go,
Then all your luck shall turn to woe.

For I see a pale-faced nation,
Come in canoe across the ocean,
Then all the woods sink to decay,
And all the game flees fast away.
The redman too, when this is done,
Seeks a new home beyond the sun.

I see them leave their hunting ground,
I see them leave their burial mound,
And sorrowful turn toward the west,
With hopeless hearts within their breasts,
Questioning the Great Spirit's care,
Why they this trial have to bear.

But keep the arrow close at hand,
And all these ills you'll long withstand,
Your life like a bright river flow,
That leaps all errors, on to go;
No obstacles can make it rest,
Until it sinks in Ocean's breast."

INDIAN LEGENDS

He takes the arrow from her hand
And speeds him back with joys new planned,
Then on the day his love is tried,
His arrow sped and eaglet died.
And all the braves exultant cried,
"Brave Star of night now claim your bride."

And On-nei-wee-da bowed her head,
And from her home a bride was led,
While year by year it was the same,
Their lodge was filled with princely game,
And they with good luck always blest,
While he the arrow-head possessed.

But one day he with careless tact,
Forgot the words of Quin-ni-pac,
Sped the arrow in jesting mood,
To scare a song bird from her brood.
'Twas thus he lost the talisman rare,
He could not find it anywhere.

Search where he would, look where he might,
'Twas surely hid from out of sight;
And now there came the evil day,
He saw his bride fade fast away.
On-nei-wee-da, best loved of all,
What had he done that she must fall

OF EARLY DAYS.

Again he seeks old Quin-ni-pac,
With fleetest foot o'er trail and track,
In hopes that she some charm may give,
To let his On-nei-wee-da live.
But vain the quest, he hears it said
Old Quin-ni-pac has long been dead.

He turns with sorrow back again,
His body full of mocking pain,
Searching by night, searching by day,
To find out where the arrow lay.
'Tis vain! So through the silent wood,
He seeks his home in sullen mood,

To find that life is ebbing slow,
And all he loves on earth must go.
What were his victories to him
With none to watch or welcome him.
Here he knelt tearless beside her,
Knelt by her couch of richest fur.

There he watched the fever burn,
There he knelt and tried to learn
If he by gross neglect had tried
To leave some wish ungratified.
But no, he sees 'twas always bliss
To bring all she would love and wish.

INDIAN LEGENDS

The softest furs for bed and feet,
The richest food of game and meat,
Cloth of gold with embroidery old,
Anklets, belt and rings of gold;
With strings of gems to bind the hair,
All these he brought with loving care.

So loving to his heart he pressed her,
Thus he sought from death to wrest her,
But she passed from him away,
Left him sad alone to stay.
Lost On-nei-wee-da, child of light,
Sad Os-sa-hin-ta, star of night.

When the moon with plenty teems
And the stars with brightness gleams
Then Os-sa-hin-ta sees a shadow,
Past his wigwam come and go,
Pointing with its shadow hand,
To the happy spirit land.

Thus she came and lured him away,
Where he helped in battle fray,
There they found him, wounded lying,
On the ground they found him dying,
Whispering softly "On-nei-wee-da,
I come lost love with you to stay."

OF EARLY DAYS.

By the side of On-nei-wee-da,
Sleeps the warrior Os-sa-hin-ta,
And their spirits roam together,
Where the happy tribes do gather
When the Great Spirit calls his own
Beyond, beyond the setting sun.

Centuries have passed away,
Still the song birds sing their lay,
Where the sunbeams come and play,
O'er the mound where sleeping lay
Os-sa-hin-ta, On-nei-wee-da,
Gone where life is one long day.

As their lives were here below,
So their lives shall onward flow
In that home beyond the sun,
Now their work on earth is done.
Os-sa-hin-ta, star of night.
On-nei-wee-da, child of light.

All the forests now have fled,
As Quin-ni-pac had truly said,
And the paleface with his plough
Turned up the ground, and tells you how
He found the long-lost arrow-head,
The legend said was white and red.

INDIAN LEGENDS

An arrow-head of wonderous make,
Which he with joy is glad to take,
Red arrow-head streaked o'er with white,
For this he knows the Legend's right.
And now the story goes that he
In finding found prosperity.

Bacon Northrup of Mandana, Onondaga Co., found the
arrow near a spring called Deer Lick.

ODE TO SKANEATELES LAKE.

Beautiful lake of legends old,
Where dusky maid and warrior bold
Roamed at will your forests through,
Saw your moods, and by them knew
When the storm king hither flew.
Saw the sky of azure blue mirrored deeply on thy
breast,
The orb of day, the silver moon, silent saw them
sink to rest,
Let the murmur of thy wave,
As they roll thy shores to lave,
Whisper to me deeds of yore,
I would listen, Ah! Once more,
When thy virgin soil with forests grew,
And lengthening shadows o'er thy waters threw.
Did love and hate fierce struggles hold
O'er man and beast, or did they live like brothers
in one common fold.
Brothers all, the very least?
Did poisoned adder his venom hide,
When graceful deer came bounding down the side
Of craigy cliff to slake his thirst?
Or listen to the feathered songsters' burst
Of woodland music trilling nigh,

INDIAN LEGENDS

Or warbling some rich melody when they did
homeward fly?

Tell me softly, sighing waves, did chieftain

In wildest dreams a vision gain

Of sun-lit fields, of grain and luscious fruit,

Gifts to the paleface's toil, a fitting tribute?

* * * * *

Oh, wanton race, did no prophet seer,

Peer through the ages, and thy death knell hear?

Where, where are thy records of deeds of fame,

Gone like thyself, a myth, a legend thy name?

Whence came thy name, did Jesuit monk or
priestly fees

Call thy beautiful waters Skaneateles?

No! No! Through the centuries' mazy veil,

The kerchiefed dame tells thy legend tale,

How Skaneateles was an Indian maiden fair,

A chieftain's only daughter of graces rare,

Whose hand was sought by an O-nei-da brave,

But her father was cruel as death and the grave.

Fierce hate for years, on either side

Love's potent spell could not out-ride,

Yet then as now love breaks all bars,

They often met beneath the stars;

Plighted their troth in a thousand ways,

Hoping and wishing for better days.

* * * * *

OF EARLY DAYS.

The legend tells us one stormy night,
When the moon was hid and gave no light,
Skaneateles went to meet her brave
But instead she found a watery grave.
As she sped along in her light canoe,
That danced about on the wavelets blue,
She hears the cuckoo's note and song,
And her heart beats wild as she flies along,
For she knows the song is her lover's note
Calling his love in the rocking boat,
And she answers the call with Whip-poo-will,
Which the breezes catch and the wild winds trill.
But a storm has burst and the thunders wild
Have sent a bolt to the dauntless child;
And calm in death she will answer no more,
Till they meet again on the spirit shore,
Where hate and sorrow will loose their sting,
Where life in love shall forever sing.

* * * * *

Then the warrior brave when he heard the news
Threw himself 'neath the waves, so sang the muse.
And their spirits forever on the waves do ride
When the storm is wild and the stars do hide;
When the lightnings gleam to make a chain,
Hand in hand they speed thro' dripping rain
Back o'er the trail, where their kinfolks sleep,
To muse on the past and with the storm king
weep.

INDIAN LEGENDS

* * * * *

Now the kerchiefed dame goes on the same
To tell how the waters received their name.
How when morning came, cold in death she lay
On a sandy shore in a quiet bay;
How her father, the chieftain, with grief went wild
O'er the sad, sad fate of his only child,
And he buried her there 'neath the forest trees,
And named the waters Skaneateles.
Sometimes when the moon makes a bridge of gold,
A phantom band wild orgies hold
And seem to dance with the gentle breeze,
O'er the beautiful waters of Skaneateles;
Or a phantom chief with its spirit hand
Comes wildly o'er the golden span,
And kneeling on the sandy shore,
He weeps till daylight comes and night is o'er.

* * * * *

Oh jewel fair on Mother Nature's breast
Forever gleam, of all her gems thou art the best,
Here let memories of the lingering past,
Into the future centuries merge and last,
And all thy hills awake, thy waters shine
With songs of legendary fame sublime.

NETTIE PARRISH MARTIN.

THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN PIPE.*

By the lake a †maiden sleeps,
O'er her grave her sire weeps,
Cruel, cold his acted part,
'Till death's arrow ope'd his heart.

Then he lays his anger down,
Calls her from the spirit ground,
But the echoes sadly say,
Thou forgiveness didst delay.

'Neath the water's silver sheen
Sleeps her lover all unseen,
While the rolling wavelets sing,
Lullabyes from spring to spring.

Moonbeams rest there o'er her grave,
Where the chieftain stern and brave
Kneeling seeks the Spirit power,
For forgiveness through a flower.

* A rare orchid of pure white, now nearly extinct.

† Skaneateles.

INDIAN LEGENDS

And in answer in the light,
Comes two forms in radiance bright,
And their clasped hands they place
On the grave then seek his face.

Lo! beneath them he espies,
Pure and white a flower arise
Like the * Calumet in form
It brought peace and quelled the storm.

Ages long have passed away
Since that sad, eventful day,
But the legend still keeps bright
Through the † "Orchid" pure and white.

* A pipe of peace.

† The Indians used to tell that the orchid was the flower Skaneateles placed on her grave, a token of forgiveness and peace, and when one was found it was preserved with great care and reverence as a token from the Great Spirit, of plenty and forgiveness.

NETTIE PARRISH MARTIN



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